

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Did forfait (with his life) all these his lands
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conquerour.
Against the which a moitie competent
Was gaged by our King, which had returne
To the inheritance of *Fortinbrasse*,
Had he bin vanquisher; as by the same comart,
And carriage of the article desseigne,
His fell to Hamlet; now Sir, young *Fortinbrasse*
Of vnimprooued mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway* heere and there
Sharkt vp a list of lawelesse resolute
For foode and diet to some enterprisa
That hath a stomacke in't, which is no other
As it doth well appeare vnto our state
But to recouer of vs by strong hand
And tearmes compulsatory, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost; and this I take it,
Is the maine motiue of our preparations
The source of this our watch, and the chiefe head
Of this post hast and Romeage in the land.
Bar. I thinke it be no other, but enso;
Well may it sort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch so like the King
That was and is the question of these warres.
Hor. A moth it is to trouble the mindes eye:
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest *Iulius* fell
The graues stood tennatlesse, and the sheeted dead
Did squeake and gibber in the Roman streets
As starres with traines of fier, and dewes of blood
Disasters in the sunne; and the moist starre,
Vpon whose influence *Neptunes* Empier stands,
Was sicke almost to doomesday with eclipse.
And euen the like precurse of feare euent
As harbindgers preceeding still the fates
And prologue to the *Omen* comming on
Haue heauen and earth together demonstrated
Vnto our Climatures and countrymen.

Enter Ghost.

Bw

Prince of Denmarke.

But soft, behold, loe where it comes againe
Ile crosse it though it blast mee: stay illusion,
If thou hast any sound or vse of voyce,
Speake to me, if there be any good thing to be done
That may to thee doe ease, and grace to mee,
Speake to me.

*It spreads
his armes.*

If thou art priuie to thy countries fate
Which happily foreknowing may auoyd
O speake:
Or if thou hast vphoorded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the wombe of earth
For which they say your spirits oft walke in death.
Speake of it, stay and speake, stop it *Marcellus*.

*The cocke
crows.*

Mar. Shall I strike it with my partizan?

Hor. Doe if it will not stand.

Bar. Tis heere.

Hor. Tis heere.

Mar. Tis gone.

We doe it wrong being so Maiestlicall
To offer it the shoue of violence,
For it is as the ayre, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes malicious mockery.

Bar. It was about to speake when the cock crewe:

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing,
Vpon a fearefull summons; I haue heard,
The Cock that is the trumpet to the morne,
Doth with his lofty and shrill sounding throat
Awake the God of day, and at his warning
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or ayre
Th'extrauagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine, and of the truth heerein
This present obiekt made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cock.
Some say that euer gainst that season comes
Wherein our Sauours birth is celebrated
This bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then they say no spirit dare sturre abraode
The nights are wholesome, then no plannets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charme

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So